innocent daughters! The mother will be loſt in the coquette, and, inſtead of making friends of her daughters, view them with eyes aſkance, for they are rivals—rivals more cruel than any other, becauſe they invite a compariſon, and drive her from the throne of beauty, who has never thought of a ſeat on the bench of reaſon.

It does not require a lively pencil, or the diſcriminating outline of a caricature, to ſketch the domeſtic miſeries and petty vices which ſuch a miſtreſs of a family diffuſes. Still ſhe only acts as a woman ought to act, brought up according to Rouſſeau's ſyſtem. She can never be reproached for being maſculine, or turning out of her ſphere; nay, ſhe may obſerve another of his grand rules, and cautiouſly preſerving her reputation free from ſpot, be reckoned a good kind of woman. Yet in what reſpect can ſhe be termed good? She abſtains, it is true, without any great ſtruggle, from committing groſs crimes; but how does ſhe fulfil her duties? Duties!—in truth ſhe has enough to think of to adorn her body and nurſe a weak conſtitution.

With reſpect to religion, ſhe never preſumed to judge for herſelf; but conformed, as a dependent

dependent creature ſhould, to the ceremonies of the church which ſhe was brought up in, piouſly believing that wiſer heads than her own have ſettled that buſineſs:—and not to doubt is her point of perfection. She therefore pays her tythe of mint and cummin—and thanks her God that ſhe is not as other women are. Theſe are the bleſſed effects of a good education! Theſe the virtues of man's help-mate*!

I muſt relieve myſelf by drawing a different picture.

Let fancy now preſent a woman with a tolerable underſtanding, for I do not wiſh to leave the line of mediocrity, whoſe conſtitution, ſtrengthened by exerciſe, has allowed her body to acquire its full vigour; her mind, at the ſame time, gradually expanding

* 'O how lovely,' exclaims Rouſſeau, ſpeaking of Sophia, 'is her ignorance! Happy is he who is deſtined to 'inſtruct her! She will never pretend to be the tutor of 'her huſband, but will be content to be his pupil. Far 'from attempting to ſubject him to her taſte, ſhe will 'accommodate herſelf to his. She will be more eſtimable 'to him, than if ſhe was learned: he will have a pleaſure 'in inſtructing her.' *Rouſſeau's Emilius.*

I ſhall content myſelf with ſimply aſking, how friendſhip can ſubſiſt, when love expires, between the maſter and his pupil?